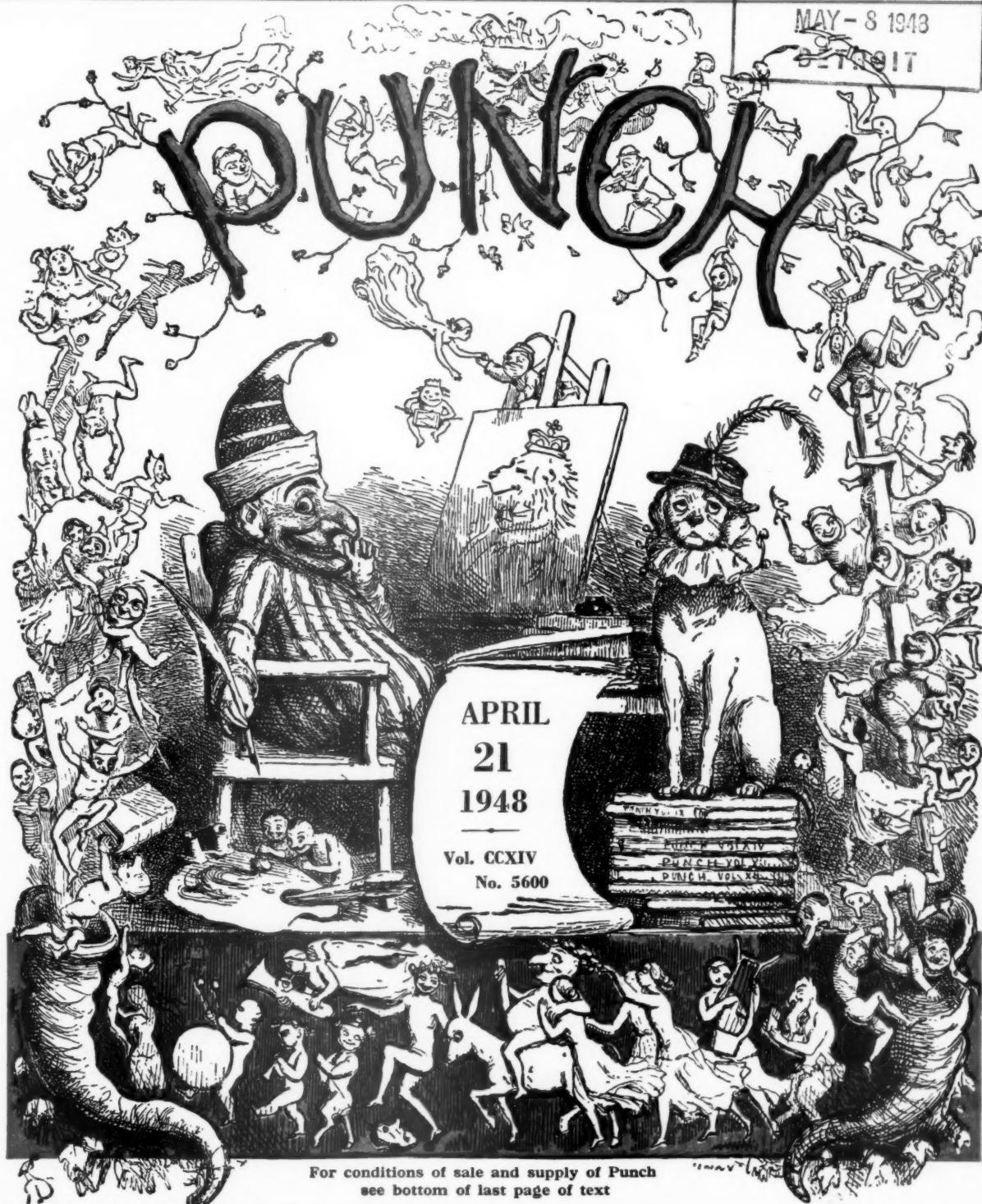


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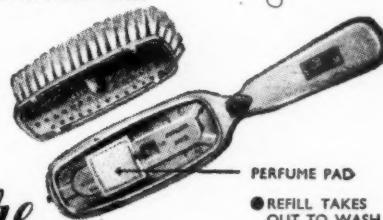


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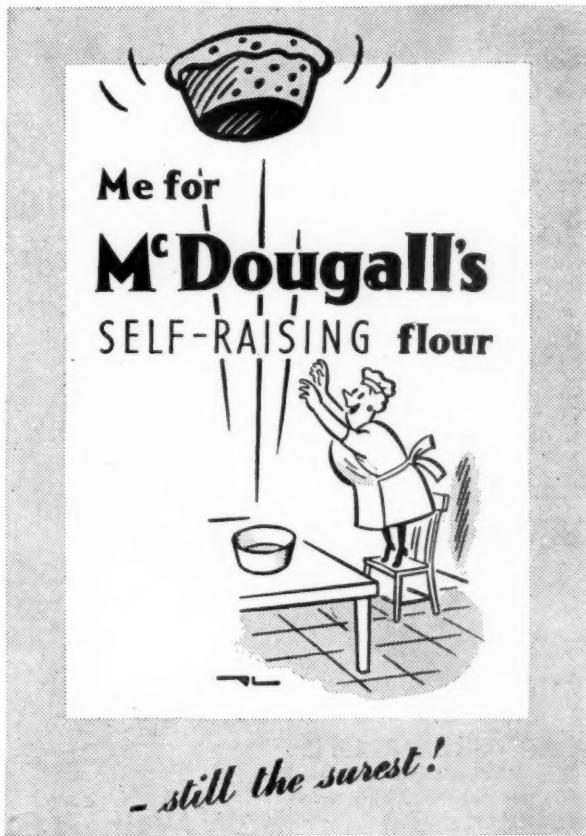


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-|-

Now He Enjoys A Good Meal

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Yours sincerely (Signed), F. E.

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PUNCH

OR
THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXIV No. 5600

April 21 1948

Charivaria

THE country awaits with confidence the suggestion that Britain stirred up the revolution in Colombia to distract attention from the demands recently made at a conference there that we should cede British Honduras to Guatemala.

A North London suburbanite has been robbed by daylight intruders four times in the last three months. Most self-respecting thieves, however, now adopt the Once-For-All policy.



Tip for Tired Fathers
"After their child is born Ken zooms to success as a crooner."
"Rugeley Mercury."

A would-be emigrant, about to board a boat for Australia, changed his mind at the last moment. It seems he suddenly decided that he would be incapable of settling upside down there.

"War on flies is declared by Kensington Borough Council," reports the *Daily Mail*. Of course the fly-papers will be full of it.

"From then until the end of the year the slowing-down process will be gathering increasing momentum."
"The Times Review of Industry."

By the time it's nearly stopped you'll be quite dizzy.

A defendant in court was alleged to have driven over the foot of a traffic policeman. The wise motorist would have made a detour.

"With atomic energy a railway train travelling at full speed would appear as a ghostly blur," says a scientist. Porters, it is safe to add, wouldn't materialize at all.

Chimpanzees newly arrived at the Zoo are being taught table manners for their first public appearance at afternoon tea. Already they are beginning to look down on visitors who eat buns out of paper bags.

Any keen young ranker in the modern Army, asserts a military expert, has the chance to rise quickly. Or, at the very least, early.

"If you have an old bowler hat," writes a bird-lover, "put it in a bush in the garden for the robins to nest in." Right way up, of course, to keep the rain off them.



The reduction in the cheese ration is said to be hitting housewives so hard that, in some districts, mice are being asked to go into traps in pairs.

"NEW GUINEA NUTS TOO."
Heading in "Daily Mail."
Nice to have company inside.

A London correspondent declares that he intends to take his whole petrol allowance at once and go as far as he can for his summer holiday. Then he will wait quietly in, say, North Wales for the result of the 1950 General Election.



That for An Hermitage

OLD readers of *Punch* will not easily forget the week ending July 17th, 1841—*annus mirabilis*—when the first number of this paper appeared. It contained many important announcements. In the world of drama there was about to be presented at the New Strand Theatre—

FROLICS OF THE FAIRIES
or ROSE, SHAMROCK, AND THISTLE
to be followed by
THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS
The . . . (Oh no we never mention him, etc.). Mrs. Keeley.

In the "Frolics of the Fairies" Mrs. Keeley doubled the parts of Will-o'-the-Wisp (*notoriously a light character*) and Frank Fallowland (*a simulated slip*) on a visit to the Emerald Isle. She must have been a remarkable woman.

In the world of literature George Stephens' dramatic poem "The Hungarian Daughter" (in octavo, handsomely bound) had just been published. Of this poet the *Monthly Review* remarked:

"Nothing comes amiss to the intellectual power and boldness of conception which distinguishes George Stephens in the shape of persons or things, be they beautiful or startling, grotesque or sublime."

The *Court Magazine* went further:

"George Stevens' nervous antique language, firm imagery and apt delineation of the workings of the human heart often remind us of Shakspere. On him has fallen a portion of the mighty master's mantle of genius."

And though the *Monthly Magazine* was a little less enthusiastic:

"Equal to Goethe, George Stevens is a man of great genius, and a tragic dramatist of decided ability,"

the *Post Magazine* concluded:

"This beautiful and sublime poem, full of dramatic interest, we fearlessly assert, was never excelled but by the master-mind of Shakspere. The spirit of Milton was hovering above the writer. In after years the name of George Stevens will be amongst those who have given light and glory to their country."

It seems a pity that they could not decide how to spell his name.

Just below "The Hungarian Daughter" I find that "Thorn's Potted Yarmouth Bloater" are to be found on every sportsman's table, and an epicure writes of them "It is indeed quite a delicacy, and none of our friends proceeding to India and the Colonies should on any account be without a supply."

They must have been very popular, for they could be bought not only from grocers and fishmongers but "from all respectable Oilmen and Druggists in the United Kingdom."

Politicians we treated with rather more levity than art and trade.

THE ENTIRE ANIMAL.

Lord Londonderry, in a letter to Colonel Fitzroy, begs of the gallant gentleman to 'go the whole hog.' This is natural advice from a *thorough bore* like his lordship."

Or again:

"LORD MELBOURNE TO 'PUNCH.'

MY DEAR PUNCH,—Seeing in the 'Court Circular' of the *Morning Herald* an account of General Goblet as one of

the guests of Her Majesty, I beg to state that, till I saw this announcement, I was not aware of any other general gobble it than myself at the Palace.

Yours truly,
MELBOURNE."

One cannot help suspecting a play upon words.

But the most startling of all the statements in this our first issue was the editorial article, which recommended amongst other novelties the abolition of the death penalty for murder.

It did so in these words:

"We now come to the last great lesson of our motley teacher—the gallows! that accursed tree which has its root in injuries. How clearly *PUNCH* exposes the fallacy of that dreadful law which authorizes the destruction of life! *PUNCH* sometimes destroys the hangman; and why not? Where is the divine injunction against the shedder of man's blood to rest? None can answer! To us there is but ONE disposer of life. At other times *PUNCH* hangs the devil: this is as it should be. Destroy the principle of evil by increasing the means of cultivating the good, and the gallows will then become as much a wonder as it is now a jest."

Nor has the writer forgotten, as one might suppose, that *Punch* not only destroys the hangman and the devil, but thrashes his wife and throws his baby out of the window.

"His conduct is at times harsh and ungentlemanly to Mrs. P. . . . We wish it to be understood that we repudiate such principles and conduct. We have a Judy of our own, and a little Punchinilly that commits innumerable improprieties; but we fearlessly aver that we never threw him out of window, nor belaboured the lady with a stick—even of the size allowed by law."

Of the attack on the policeman in the *Punch* drama nothing is said, but it seems likely that this writer would have disregarded it, for besides abolishing the death penalty he seems to have had the happy idea of abolishing punishment altogether.

"We never looked upon a lark in a cage, and heard him trilling out his music as he sprung upwards to the roof of his prison, but we felt sickened with the sight and sound, as contrasting, in our thought, the free minstrel of the morning, bounding as it were into the blue caverns of the heavens, with the bird to whom the world was circumscribed. May the time soon arrive, when every prison shall be a palace of the mind—when we shall seek to instruct and cease to punish."

It seems to have taken about a hundred and seven years. My only difficulty is, as I write in 1948, that when all the prisons have become "palaces of the mind," with gardens, refectories, workshops, concerts and theatres and educational films, while the world outside prison has become harder and more difficult to live in, there will not be very much reason for trying to avoid a life sentence, even if one has to take the trouble of committing a few murders in order to achieve it.

No terror will lie in front of the happy inmate of these places, except the chance of behaving so well that he will have his sentence reduced.

And I suppose that by attacking a warder or fellow prisoner with a heavy book on psychiatry he will, even then, be able to avoid expulsion from his remedial paradise.

But will there be enough policemen to round up the candidates for Elysium?

EVOE.



A LIMIT TO GENEROSITY

"Another of your delightful gift parcels?"
"Not if I can help it."



"Could you use fifteen hundred hassocks, mister—and no questions asked?"

Arcady, 1948

HEAR where the willow-warbler's clearer key
Outsweets the blackbird's oboistic tone!
The warbler comes, I think, from Mon Abri;
"Outsweets" and "oboistic" are my own.

The robin's song, begun in strangling pain,
Then triumphing, then fading as if tired;
The sudden yaffle—there he goes again . . .
No, it's the Thompsons' motor that back-fired—

The cherished madrigal of bush and bank—
The mavis and the throstle and the thrush,
The mower's rattle and the roller's clank—
Accents Clovelly's peace, Dunroamin's hush.

Now from the 3.19, as usual late,
The local fathers wend their homeward way.
With taxes at their present sizzling rate
They leave their work at half-past-two—why stay?

There goes, perhaps, some suburb G. B. S.
Some season-ticket Winston, green-belt Cripps.

Who knows? (And if he did, could he care less?)
Meanwhile the birds go on emitting pips.

The birds, I say, continue. Wasps and bees
Add to the choir the twanging of their stings.
The local fathers having had their teas
Are now engaged in washing-up, and things.

Elysian spot! Not crowded, as the Slum,
Nor, like the Stately Home, beyond support;
Escaping Abercrombie's wrath to come
Alike with that of the Bankruptcy Court;

Suburb of half-day gardeners, morning chars,
Of crazy-paving sobered by cement,
Of acre plots and medium h.p. cars,
The peak of (1948) content,

You are the lushest flowering of our time
Halting this side of anti-social sin!
You are . . . was that the willow-warbler's chime
And, if so, is this not where we came in?

The Tie

NOT until I had been wearing it for a couple of months did I discover that it was an Old Wortleburian tie. I chose it because I thought the delicate mauve stripe on the orange background would harmonize admirably with my early-morning complexion, and the man who sold it to me must either have thought that I was a genuine Old Wortleburian or else have despaired of ever getting an Old Wortleburian into his shop and decided to take advantage of my ignorance.

Then one day a fellow in the train leaned towards me and asked if I had heard any news of Snitcher Hoskins lately. I looked at the man's face and tried to place him, but no chord whatever was stirred in my memory. Probably, I reflected, he was somebody I had met in a bar in the Middle East. In the two years since I came home I have met scores of men who claimed to have met me in bars in the Middle East, and quite a lot of their faces have meant nothing to me.

Nor, on the spur of the moment, could I remember Snitcher Hoskins. The simplest course would no doubt have been to admit straight away that I recollect neither the man sitting opposite nor Snitcher Hoskins, but one does not like to appear rude to former comrades-in-arms.

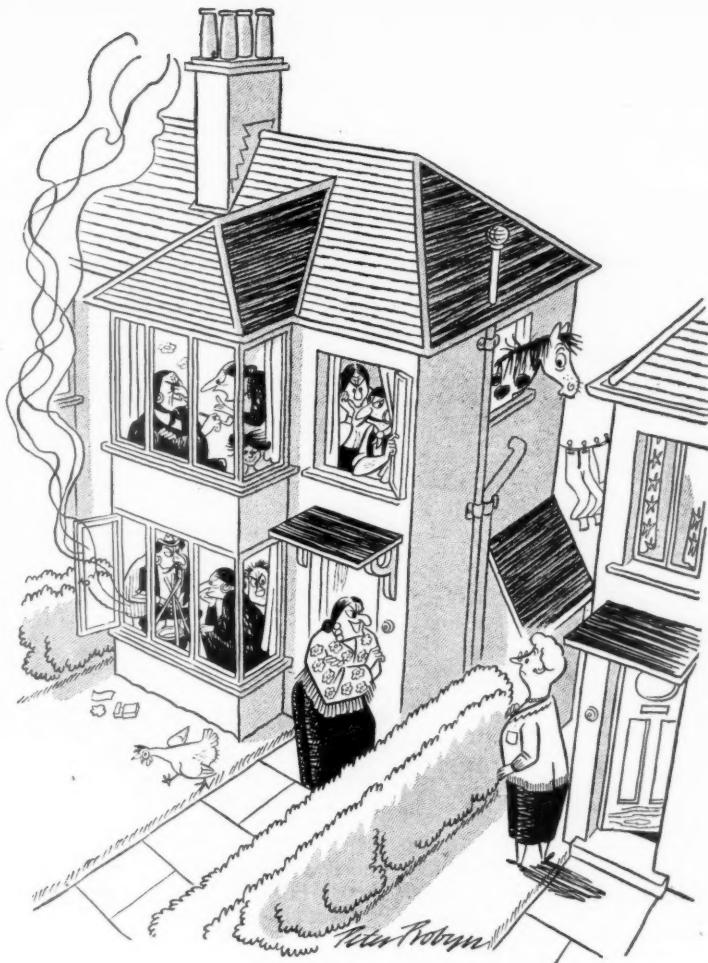
"No," I said. "Good old Snitcher! What a lad he was! I've not heard anything of him for ages."

"The poor old chap," said the man opposite, "must be nearly eighty. Were you at the show at the school when he retired? It would be nineteen thirty-seven, I think, or 'thirty-eight."

"Thirty-eight," I said firmly. I could see that I had put my foot in it and that the fellow had mistaken me for an old boy of his school, but it was too late to withdraw. The train did not stop for half an hour, but after that I would be able to change carriages and escape. I wondered what had led him to believe I had been at his old school, and his next remark enlightened me.

"Where do you get your Old Wortlebury ties?" he asked. "I applied for a couple to the Old Boys' Association, but they'd sold out."

I told him where I had purchased mine, and for the next half-hour we had a very tricky conversation about old Snitcher Hoskins, who appeared to have been a former headmaster, "Stinks" Carruthers and a host of other worthies. Then, much relieved, I left him, after he had told me that



"And now we're reduced to living in a house—couldn't get a caravan for love or money."

his name was Ramsfoot. I gave my own name as Jones in case he should look me up in the school list.

I usually travel to town on the ten-fifteen every Thursday, and to my horror I found that Ramsfoot had the same habit. I had discarded forever the Old Wortleburian tie, but for weeks he insisted on our travelling up in the same compartment and the mental strain of continuing to pose as an Old Wortleburian began to wear me down. Then one morning I had an idea.

"I ran across old Tubby Batteridge last week," I said, "and he wants you to drop him a note and say when you can go over for a week-end. He's still at the same address."

"Tubby Batteridge?" he said doubtfully.

"Yes," I said. "Surely you haven't forgotten old Tubby? Don't you remember that day he put a mouse in old Snitcher's desk?"

"Of course," he said half-heartedly. "Good old Tubby. What a lad!"

Next time we met on the train I said that Tubby was quite upset not to have heard from him, and by talking about Tubby constantly throughout the journey I unnerved him completely. Since then, when we have both travelled by the ten-fifteen, he has lurked in the waiting-room with his hat pulled down over his eyes until the train started, and I have been able to make the journey in peace. D. H. B.

A Sale! A Sale!

I HEARD a rumour the other day that that hotel in Shimmering Chimneys, what's it called?—the White something, or the Blue something, or is it the *Old Blue* something?—I heard it had been sold. Well, all I can say is that if it has, it would be perfectly in character. I spent a few days there last July and came away with a sort of impression about the place that's rather hard to define, but . . .

Perhaps I can suggest it by saying that the staff seemed preoccupied; that waiter most of all. I was in the little bar, the only customer, in the early evening soon after my arrival, and he came in twirling his napkin cheerfully and said to the barman:

"Get me money back on that, you'll see."

I realized where I had seen him before. Wandering about the town in the afternoon I had looked on for a few minutes at an auction; he had been there. So had the barman, it appeared. After some idle talk about the way it had gone the waiter went out, but soon came in again, stood by the door and called out: "And you see that other one, with the tombstone and the soldier on top, and the Tower of Pisa and St. Paul's? I got them an' all. 'Leven bob."

He grinned and nodded, proudly. The barman, a more morose type, went on polishing glasses.

I thought about that auction. When I had arrived at the hotel there had been a little dried-up man with a wispy moustache—he was the handyman and boots, I found later—talking to the receptionist in her office. In his hand was a small coloured china object I at first took to be a clock, but later realized was some sort of calendar. His manner did not suggest that he was turning in something he had found; could he have been showing her what he had bought at the sale?

All the better if it *had* been a clock, in working order, and he had bought it for her office; the one above her desk had stopped. The whole time I was in that hotel I didn't see a single clock that was going. The writing-room clock had only one hand, the hour hand, stuck between two and three; the dining-room clock, a massive erection with splay feet, had stopped at 10.45; and one of the very few pieces of furniture in the Residents' Lounge was a heavy black pillared clock with a gold face on which the hands pointed perpetually to 11.50.

I mentioned this last one to the waitress who brought me tea on the first afternoon. She wasn't very much interested; she was paying far more attention to a brooch about the size of half an orange that was fixed, apparently by suction, to the top of her apron. But she did say vaguely "Oh, yes. That. They got it at a sale."

She saw me looking at her brooch and said brightly "Charlie got this at a sale, too"—as if it were a remarkable coincidence.

If I had seen her after disposing of the tea I might have asked significantly whether perhaps the buns as well—

Charlie proved to be her husband, the barman. I didn't see either him or the waiter again until next morning, when the waiter was on duty by himself, serving breakfast. He thundered cheerfully up and down the dining-room digging his heels in and attending to the guests with spectacular inefficiency. I heard somebody ask in a horrified tone whether the clock was right; he said, Oh, no, it wasn't going.

"Got it at a sale," he added.

Something made me think he had bought it himself, and resold it to the management. Later he disparagingly

indicated the table decorations, which were recognizable as washed salad-cream bottles full of sweet peas, and said "Pity about those. Let the place down a bit, like. Went to the sale yesterday, tried to get a few nice vases; but there was dealers there."

He went off shaking his head.

Another waitress, not the barman's wife, was helping him at lunch; she wore nothing that seemed to have been recently bought at a sale. But when I went out into the hall afterwards, there was the odd-job man fixing up a new barometer. New, that is, to the hotel; to anyone who had been to the sale it was probably quite familiar.

Early that evening, when I was again the only customer in the bar, the waiter came in with the actual objects he had bought. The Tower of Pisa was in something like alabaster, about nine inches high, like a bit off a wedding cake. He stood it on the bar and looked at it fondly.

"What would a thing like that be used for?" the barman wondered. "Incense-burner?"

"Yah!" jeered the waiter. "You got no feeling for art? Don't always have to have a *use* for things."

He set his other purchase on the bar: a little decorated coffin perhaps a foot long, with the gilded effigy of a Crusader lying on the top, and coloured shields of wood stuck on all round the sides. They kept falling off as the barman inspected it.

After a scrutiny of the Crusader the barman pointed and observed "Look, his fingers is broke off."

"So would yours be if you'd been dead as long as him," said the waiter.

"Why, how long's he been dead?"

"I dono, but rigor mortis has set in . . ."

At length a look of distrust settled on the barman's face and he pushed the little coffin away. "I wouldn't like having anything like that in the house," he said.

"I can think of some that would," said the waiter mysteriously, and he went out with it.

"He means my wife," said the barman sadly, catching my eye. "She wants it. I done what she wants it for——"

He polished the bar in silence for a few moments. Then he put down the cloth, leaned forward and said with solemnity "There's sale fever in this place. He's the worst, but they all do it. Why, yesterday I even got something myself, for my wife; but she'd have been a lot more pleased with it if she could have bought it off me and felt she'd got a bargain. Now she'll go and spend half the housekeeping on that perishing graveyard of his . . . I been trying to get her to leave. We both ought to leave. If we don't, goodness knows what'll happen . . ."

I looked at the clock and was momentarily surprised to see that it said 3.15. "Oh, that doesn't go, much," said the barman. "Manager got it at a sale."

And so now the whole place has been bought, by some rash speculator. Have I managed to convey to you the reason why in my mind's eye it appears with a lot number stuck on the roof, slightly on one side in a little heap of miscellaneous objects among which is a completely unserviceable clock?

R. M.

Election Pointer?

"Washington, Tuesday.—Ex-King Michael of Rumania said after his interview with President Truman yesterday that the President shares his hopes of returning to the throne."

"Evening News."

Conqueror's Golf

(From our Correspondent East of Suez)

ANY keen golfer would waive all question of further reparations from Japan if he could have the golf-course at Kawana.

Before the war it was an exclusive playground for the richest and most discerning kind of V.I.P. in Japan. The course lies beside a new hotel rather like Gleneagles, built on a headland looking over the Inland Sea. To-day the hotel is run by the British Commonwealth Forces as a leave hostel where officers and men—and their families—can spend a week, without charge, living in a state of luxury far beyond the highest incomes in Europe.

For the technician it may be said that the course is in the championship class. But the striking fact about Kawana is that the artist has been given so much say in the general design.



The utmost thought has been given to the siting of every tree and the line of each branch by someone with exquisite taste. As a result, the views are like a dazzling series of Japanese wood-cuts of sea and mountain—only disfigured from time to time by four-ball foursomes.

Fir trees are used both for decoration and direction. Belts of bamboo mark the areas that are out of bounds. Clumps of plum and cherry blossom add brilliance in the spring—and I had the great good fortune to play my round on a sparkling spring morning.

In the background stand the inevitable Japanese mountains covered with tough little evergreen trees, and above the mountains rises the great snow-capped peak of Mount Fujiyama. Below the course an absurdly blue sea sweeps into a great bay. On players

of delicate sensibility the combined effect is overwhelming. Even the battle-scarred New Zealand colonel who was showing me round said that if he saw any more beautiful views he would become hysterical.

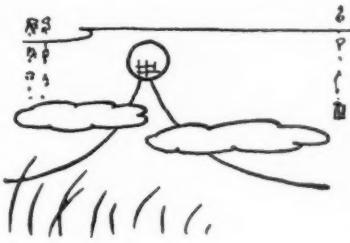
of hills to give you the line or watch the fate of your ball.

The bunkers are difficult—being filled with fine gravel—and the supply seems more than adequate, but they are most adroitly arranged. In winter



But there are other attractions for the roving eye. At Kawana they have a corps d'élite of highly trained girl caddies, and really no one can say that they have played the game until they have had their clubs carried by one of these fascinating golfing geishas. They are all tiny, and they all wear the same uniform—pink shirts and grey trousers—and they all look so much alike that I found it easier to identify mine by looking at the clubs. They are experts at the job and obviously carefully trained. They never let their shadows fall on the line of putt. They stand dead silent when you play your ball and they are delighted when you hit a good shot or when your opponent goes into a bunker. They are country-bred, which means that they have been used to carrying haystacks on their backs from infancy, and, as a result, their physical fitness is humiliating. They are constantly darting up the side

the grass goes brown, but it is so well cared for that you rarely get a bad lie on the fairway. The greens are less difficult than they look, as a result of the devoted care of a huge staff of greensmen and greenswomen.



I reckon the players who have the privilege of playing on Kawana free of charge at the present time are the luckiest golfers in the world. But of course it's a funny game and you certainly don't get that impression when you hear them trying to get out of the gravel bunkers.

It is possible to get lessons from a first-class professional. But many of the troops seem to feel that an appeal for instruction shows a lack of moral fibre and that golf is a game that should be mastered—aggressively. As a result some wonderful things have happened, and at Kawana they still talk of the day that an Airborne Australian sergeant decided to take up golf, strode out on the first tee and made twenty-four consecutive attempts to hit the ball. Nothing quite like it has been seen or heard in Japan since the war ended.



"Next one, please."

The Case of the Ears

SUBJECT OF REPORT *The Case of the Ears.*
 OFFICER REPORTING *Lasker Mead.*
 RANK *Detective-Sergeant.*
 DEPARTMENT *Special Branch (Oriental Section).*
 To *Assistant Commissioner, "C" Dept.*

SIR,—I beg to report that at 7 P.M. on the evening of March 20th notification was received at this Department of a larceny of dangerous drugs from a motor-car on the Mile End Road, and within a few minutes of this message being accepted came another from the night-sister at St. Philip's Hospital giving brief particulars of a singular juvenile casualty just then brought in from that district.

Preliminary inquiries established beyond doubt that these two incidents were related and, acting on your instructions, sir, at 9 P.M. the same evening I caused the following message to be broadcast on the B.B.C. Home Service:

A leather wallet containing phials of a dangerous drug was stolen from an unattended motor-car outside the Magicians' Club on the Mile End Road during this evening. Whilst an oral dose of this drug is not thought to be fatal, it may have disconcerting results, and any person who finds himself with two pairs of ears is warned to lie quietly indoors with feet facing towards Mecca—that is, roughly, towards Harwich—take nothing but a little fig-juice or oil of Tolu, and wait for a further announcement on this programme.

I then interviewed the owner of the motor-car, Leonard Boile, at his home and in the presence of his parents.

He stated (under caution) that he was twenty-three, a radio mechanic by trade, and did parlour entertaining as a spare-time hobby. He further stated that he got the drug from a regimental *bhisti* in Lahore when he was serving out there with the East Suffolks; that he gave him two Army blankets and a wrist-watch for it; that he had no idea of its content or potency, had never used it or seen it used, and merely carried it about as a curio. I was satisfied that he spoke the truth.

I next interviewed the patient, Johnnie Quarton, aged ten, in the Casualty Ward at St. Philip's Hospital. He had an extra pair of ears but was quite normal otherwise.

I examined the ears. They were about ten inches long, well dressed and mobile, as could be seen from the quick twitches they gave in response to some auditory stimuli beyond the normal human range. Nor were they strumiferous but sprouted cleanly and plausibly from the head at a point about an inch above and to the rear of the normal auricle. The caulome, too, was well shaped and atrochal and the root, where it met the skull cartilage, jet-black at first but breaking away into fine striations towards the laminæ. I judged them to be African okapi and not elk as was originally suggested, being far too wide across the clavian orifice for this latter.

Quarton admitted stealing the drug and drinking about half the contents of one of the phials. He straight away became giddy (he said) and "heard bells ringing and beautiful music—like on the pictures." The ears developed soon afterwards. He became frightened and threw the remainder of the drug into a sand-bin on Glebe Street. (This was later recovered intact and the B.B.C. message cancelled.)

I took possession of the drug and at 9 A.M. on March 22nd handed a labelled sample to the laboratory analyst. I attach herewith a copy of his report:

EXHIBIT . . .	<i>Test tube and contents.</i>	CRIME NO. 305.
RECEIVED FROM	<i>Det. Sgt. Mead.</i>	DATE: 22/3/48.
CONTENT . . .	<i>Pounded cockroaches, hyena fat, oil of saffron, monkey gall, anterior lobe extract, camel larynx. Plus a mysterious residue which resists further analysis.</i>	

SIGNED. *Twynberry Ripp, Ch.M.I.*

A further sample of the drug submitted to Sir Conrad Malfemur at the Home Office produced an identical report, Sir Conrad adding, in a personal note to the Commissioner, that the mysterious residue "had in it that which could reduce whole epochs of evolution to one round of the clock . . . Some ancient, pent-up devilry that made complete mock of our tables and symbols . . ."

Following upon a conference held at Scotland Yard on the afternoon of March 23rd and again acting on your instructions, sir, I caused the following cablegram to be sent to the Chief Commissioner, Northern Provinces, Nigeria:

URGENT STOP CONTACT SWAHILI WITCHDOCTOR M'GOIYA BELIEVED BUSH COUNTRY NORTH KADUNA STOP DELIVER MESSAGE FOLLOWING STOP EXPEDITE REPLY STOP HAIL M'GOIYA STOP SEND COUNTER-SPELL FOR OKAPI EARS STOP BLANK CHEQUE ON KADUNA BANK IF SUCCESS STOP MEAD SCOTLAND YARD STOP

I attach a copy of the reply received direct from M'Goya, by bush telegraph to Kaduna, thence cable:

GREETINGS YHANA MEAD STOP SUGGEST TEN DRACHMS EACH CARDIAC FAT (MAMMAL) SPLEEN OF LIZARD ASSES' MILK (PASTEURIZED) HENBANE DRIED CENTIPEDE SNAKE GALL OIL OF TART TO 100 STOP PINCH SULPHONIMIDE (CH-MG) STOP INJECT INTRAVENOUSLY FULL MOON STOP KEEP PULSE



"Oh, don't be so naïve, Mullinson."

STEADY AT 64 AND BEWARE SPONTANEOUS CONTRACTION OF CARATOID SINUS WITH RESULTING ANOXÆMIA STOP LUCK M'GOIYA

On the evening of March 25th I brought the boy Quarton from St. Philip's Hospital to Scotland Yard and was present in No. 1 Lecture Room when the M'Goya treatment was applied. Also present were Sir Conrad Malfemur, Sir fframington Brank, Mr. Sidebottom from the Home Office, Dr. Thrup-Butchley of the Ministry of Health and the German professor of tropical medicine who was flown over from Leipzig at the instigation of the B.M.A. and who wished to remain anonymous. It was midnight and the moon at full.

Sir fframington applied the syringe at a point under the bicep. Nothing happened for a few minutes and then the patient relapsed into a coma. The pulse remained steady around sixty-four and there was marked exoneration. The patient suddenly raised himself up to ask what time it was and relapsed again without waiting for an answer. A fugue set in with trepidation of the gametes, and invertase was given at three-minute intervals on the advice of the German professor. There followed corpuscular discharge from the normal ear culminating in general reticulation. After a quarter of an hour the drug worked itself out and the patient regained consciousness.

The extraneous ears were still there, and unaffected, or so it seemed, until Sir fframington smoothed them between his fingers when the tips were seen to fall away in a fine dust, leaving a jagged edge where once was a delicately tapering outline.

At 10 A.M. April 1st I met Dr. Rab Pandraghat, F.R.Z.S., at Marylebone Station and escorted him to Scotland Yard. I confronted him with the boy Quarton whom he examined, and as a result of a communication he made to me I sent a further telegram to M'Goya, a copy of which I append:

CORRECTION STOP FOR AFRICAN OKAPI READ ARABIAN ORYX STOP TREAT AS URGENT STOP MEAD SCOTLAND YARD

The reply from M'Goya ran thus:

FOR SNAKE GALL READ FRIARS BALSAW AND PROCEED AS BEFORE BUT AT HALF-MOON STOP M'GOIYA

I personally handed this amended formula to Sir fframington Brank and at midnight on April 16th was present again at Scotland Yard when the second injection was given to Quarton.

The result was alarming and unexpected. Due (it is now thought) to impurities in the mixture of dried centipede, Quarton changed almost immediately into a rock wallaby, and it was during the ensuing struggle that Sir fframington sustained a fractured rib and the lamp brackets in the main C.I.D. corridor were damaged.

The rock wallaby (alias Quarton) was finally retaken on the roof of Unilever House and, in view of the attitude adopted by its (his) parents, temporarily housed at Regent's Park.

Subsequent communications to M'Goya have been returned "Not Known," and I await your further instructions on this case, sir, pending which I respectfully apply for three days' leave.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
LASKER MEAD, Det. Sgt.

Mr. C. D. Howe, Minister of Reconstruction and Supply, told the Canadian House of Commons to-day that Canada had imported 134,314 lbs. of Argentine corned bees during 1947.

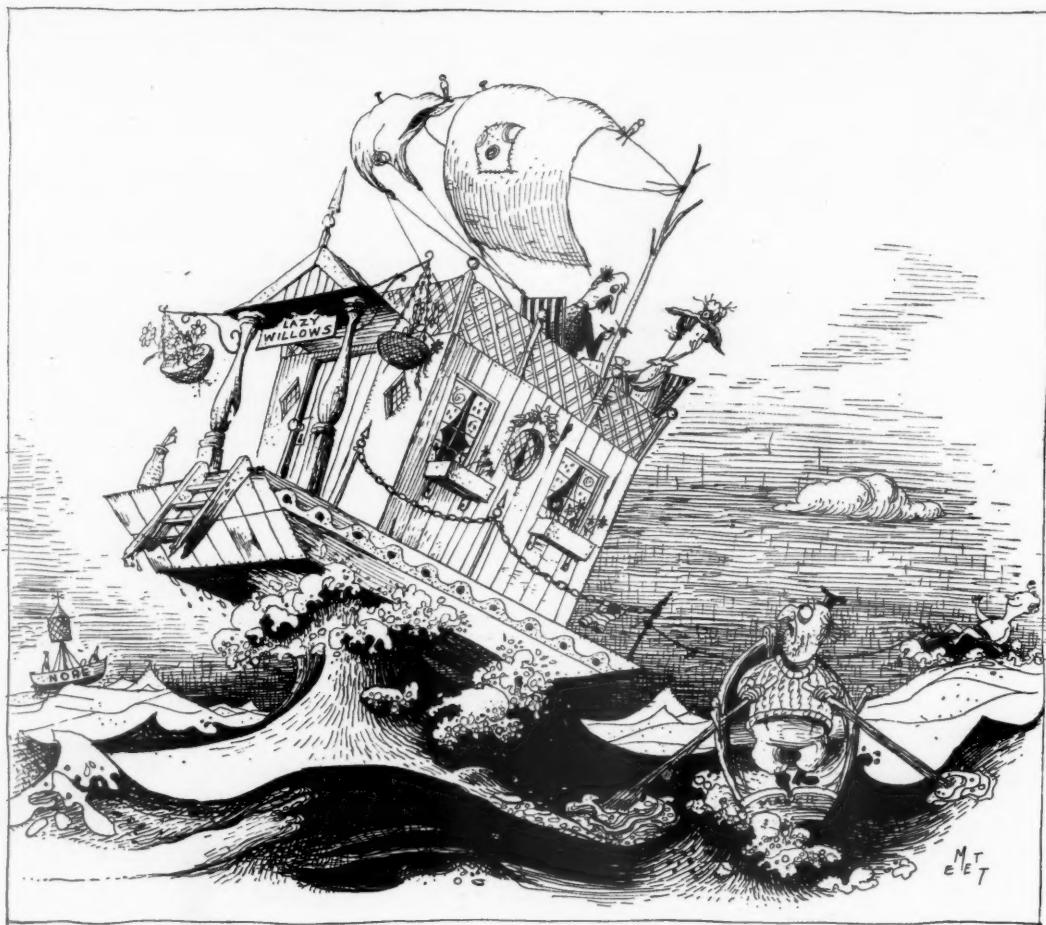
Buenos Aires "Herald."

Stung, and Howe!



"The direction to Trafalgar Square, plis?"

"Sorry, chum, I'm a stranger here myself."



"We got a bit tired of Taplow, and thought we'd try Clacton for a change."

A Borderline Ballad

THE gudeman sits in the Rose and Crown
Drinking the blood-red wine.
"Oh whare will I get some bootleg petrol
To rin this new car of mine?"

He's got the petrol frae a spiv
Was standing by the bar;
He's ta'en his wife and bairnies three
A-driving in the car.

They hadnna gone a league, a league,
A league but barely ane,
When they cam to where a muckle sergeant
Was walking all alone.

"What gars your petrol rin sae red,
Like to the ruby wine,

When it suld be as pale as the wan water
That in the moon does shine?"

"Oh, as I dighted the car yestreen
I gi'ed my hand a clank,
And it weel may be my gude heart's blood
Has drapt intae the tank."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye fause driver!
Fu' loud I hear ye lee!
I'll mak a note in my wee book
And ye sall summoned be."

Then up and spak the gudewife,
And, oh, but she was wao!
"I trow ye sallna drive again
For a twalmonth and a day."



RED, WHITE AND GREEN

"This—and no foreign flag—was the one I set up for United Italy."

MONDAY, April 12th.—Production has become the most-used word in the modern political vocabulary, and it was certainly given a good airing in the House of Commons to-day. The discussion arose from the Budget presented by Sir STAFFORD CRIFFS, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a week ago—a Budget in which it was made painfully clear that the taxation imposts were as naught compared to those which would come if production was not increased.

So when, for the fourth day, the House discussed the financial and economic situation, there was but little joyousness and only a very occasional smile. Certainly there was no excitement, and a large number of Members of all parties seemed to have engagements elsewhere.

The debate on capital punishment, later in the week, is looked on as the star turn, and the discussion of the Budget (which is of course merely the punishment of capital) could scarcely compete. However, Mr. OLIVER LYTTELTON, from the Conservative Front Bench, did his best—but not even comments about the “naked class warfare” which had prompted the imposition of the capital levy on those with unearned incomes could rouse any vigour on either side.

Mr. HAROLD WILSON, the President of the Board of Trade, when he came to reply, seemed to have misunderstood the purport of Mr. L.’s remarks about “nakedness,” for he launched into a long piece about the peril in which the nation’s clothes ration stood. Without a spectacular rise in cotton textiles production, indeed, the ration might have to be cut—and we might all have the Old (Clothes) Look. And so it went on—without getting anywhere much.

Before the debate began, Mr. CREECH JONES, the Colonial Secretary, had denounced a Jewish attack on an Arab village during the week-end when many Arab women and children had been murdered. He called it “another brutal and appallingly cruel outrage,” and said that the British troops in the Holy Land were taking all the steps their weakened position permitted, but it had to be remembered that they were not only greatly reduced in numbers, but were preoccupied with the task of packing up, ready for the evacuation next month.

Other Members complained that the Foreign Office handling of the recent events in Berlin, where a British air-liner had crashed after a collision

Impressions of Parliament

Monday, April 12th.—House of Commons: Production and Protests.

Tuesday, April 13th.—House of Commons: More about Money.

Wednesday, April 14th.—House of Commons: Capital Punishment Vote.

Thursday, April 15th.—House of Commons: Morning After.

with a Soviet fighter-plane, showed “weakness.” Mr. CHRIS MAYHEW, for the Foreign Office, replied oracularly that it would not be wise to mistake patience for weakness—and left it at that.

TUESDAY, April 13th.—A small boy in the gallery, hearing that the sweet ration was to be reviewed, commented audibly: “Ooh, Mum!” The same comment might appropriately have been applied by his elders to the resumed debate on the Budget, which followed.



A. W.

Impressions of Parliamentarians

41. Lord Morrison

Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, the Liberal leader, now recovered from illness, showed that he had lost none of his forensic skill when he opened the debate with a speech that had a wistfully nostalgic flavour. He actually asked for (the House almost stopped breathing) ECONOMY. He also wanted freer trade, that being, in his view, the only kind of trade that was worth having.

There were many gloomy prognostications in the course of the long debate, including Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN’s that we should not very much longer be able to support the present population of Britain.

But Sir STAFFORD CRIFFS, closing the debate, announced that he had no reason to complain about the reception

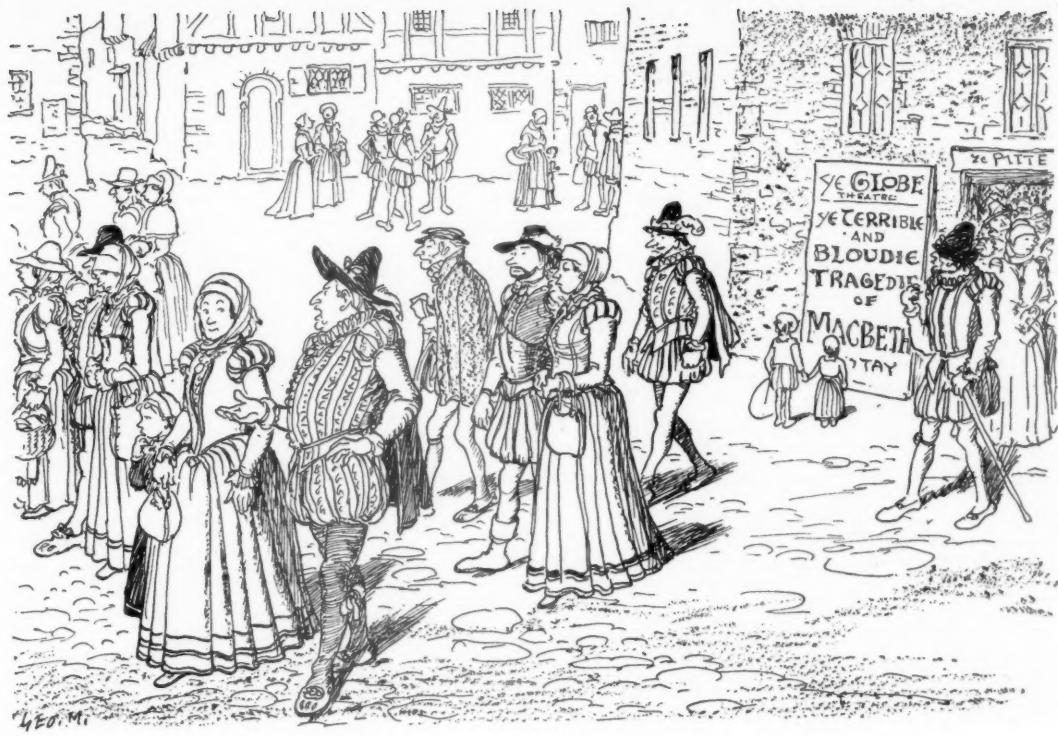
given to his Budget. And he thought it was a pretty good Budget, swollen surplus and all. In response to a demand by Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, he added an assurance that the “once-for-allness” of the Special Contribution (or Capital Levy) was—like an editor’s decision—final and legally binding.

Earlier, Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, the Minister of Fuel, announced that a chairman and deputy chairman of the Gas Council had been appointed at salaries of £6,000 and £5,000 a year respectively. Mr. CHURCHILL blandly inquired whether these salaries had the approval of Mr. SHINWELL, the War Minister. In a week-end speech, the Minister had condemned high salaries in the nationalized industries, and the inquiry yielded a high dividend in mirth, which is not yet taxed.

WEDNESDAY, April 14th.—There can be no doubt that the House of Commons is at its best “with the Whips off.” There was about to-day’s debate on the abolition, or suspension, of the death penalty for murder something that few Members of the present Parliament have known—a doubt about the result. Both sides of the House had called off the Whips, and only Members of the Government were expected to “vote just as their leaders told ‘em to.”

The proposal was that the death penalty should be suspended for a trial period of five years. Mr. SIDNEY SILVERMAN, who moved the amendment to the Criminal Justice Bill to give effect to this, urged that the State was no more entitled to take life than was the individual, and that, moreover, there was no evidence that the death penalty had the slightest deterrent effect on the would-be murderer. It would not affect a murderer in the heat of passion, and the calculated murderer never expected his plans so to miscarry as to call for consideration of a penalty. It was a brilliant and restrained speech.

Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, who seconded from the Conservative benches, did not reach the same high level. In fact his speech had about it an air of flippancy which clearly filled his friends with dismay. However, Sir JOHN ANDERSON, with all his prestige as an ex-Home Secretary and his ten years as Civil Service head of the Home Office, brought the debate back to seriousness. He gave it as his firm opinion (as one who had read every document in a murder case in the ten



"I tell you, this craze for crime stories is having a shocking effect on the children."

years he had been an adviser at the Home Office) that no man or woman had been wrongly hanged, at any rate this century. And he was not in favour of the suspension of the death penalty at a time when more and more gangsters were prepared to shoot their way out of trouble with the police.

The effect of this speech on the House was plain. But the opponents of the death penalty were not dismayed and the debate went on, with sincerity and passionate conviction running through it all. Some back-benchers made acid comments on the absence from the House of certain Ministers who had (in days of greater freedom and less responsibility) been keen advocates of the abolition. Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, the Attorney-General, was one of these, and he was "not available" until after the division, when he appeared on the Government Front bench to aid in piloting the rest of the Bill.

Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, wound up the debate for the Government, and made a frank appeal to his followers not to vote for the suspension of the capital sentence at a

time when lawlessness was on the increase everywhere, and not least in this country. He had one astonishing lapse, when he began to refer to a case before the courts, but when Mr. SILVERMAN, as an experienced solicitor, promptly jumped up and objected, he did not pursue the matter. Mr. EDE's case was that, desirable as the reform might be at a more settled period, now was not the time. In any case the House could rely on the Home Secretary's sense of justice to ensure that reprieves were granted in all proper cases.

It was left to Mr. R. T. PAGET, a supporter of the amendment, to wind up. He quoted cases where there seemed to have been a miscarriage of justice, and he sprang a large-sized mine when he mentioned that the late Sir Alexander Paterson, a Prison Commissioner, whose views had been quoted as those of a supporter of the death penalty, had joined the organization campaigning for its abolition.

Then the Members stormed into the Lobbies to vote. After a breathless wait, during which Mr. EDE and Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Leader of the House, sat side by side in white-faced

unhappiness, and Mr. ATTLEE doodled furiously on the back of an envelope—a sure sign of intense strain—Mr. EDWARD FELLOWES, the Second Clerk Assistant, handed the paper bearing the result to Mrs. PATON, a teller for the abolitionists. Those who knew the ropes realized that this meant that the abolition had been carried, and there were roars of cheers. While Members leaped excitedly on their seats and waved papers, Mrs. PATON waited, then, with a quiver in her voice, announced the figures: For the abolition, 245; against, 222.

With more cheers, Members rushed out of the House, and in a moment the few remaining were considering the less exciting clauses. It had been an impressive occasion. Mr. EDE and his Ministerial colleagues went away unhappy and pale.

THURSDAY, April 15th.—In a distinctly "morning-after" atmosphere the House of Commons resumed the talk on the Criminal Justice Bill. But the fire had gone out of the discussion, and the attendance was as thin as the debate.



"A postcard from your old chief warden, dear—he says he hopes you're keeping fit."

The Cosmic Mess

LONG ago this column murmured about it in the dark, but now it has tracked the queer thing down in daylight. The uncountable and studious readers are, no doubt, familiar with a gay little White Paper called "National Income and Expenditure of the United Kingdom 1947" (Cmd. 7371). And they will have read some acidulous discussions on the distribution of the "national income"—how much goes to worthy Salaries and Wages and how much to horrid Rents, Interest and Profits, and so on.

Table 10 on page 14 of the little work under review charmingly shows all this, as follows:

1938 1947

1. Rent of land and buildings ..	380	400
3. Salaries	1110	1720
4. Wages	1735	3530

It is tartly remarked in some quarters that, though Salaries and Wages (pardon—*overall* salaries and wages) have gone up, base Interest and Profits have gone up too; and, since they are not the rewards of

"producers" and are practically spiv-money, this is a bad thing. Such complainers never say—probably they do not know—what is officially included in "Interest and Profits". Well, look!

1938 1947

2. Interest and profits,
including farming
profits and pro-
fessional earnings 1404 2785

And on page 20 an explanatory note says: "It also includes profit and interest not brought into assessment, including income in kind and the amounts received by persons below the income-tax exemption limit or by *non-profit-making bodies*, and incomes, whether or not below the income-tax exemption limit, *accruing to persons working on their own account*."

Well, did you ever? For one thing, it seems, the wretched farmers are now among the non-producing spivs. What is meant by "amounts received by non-profit-making bodies" this column cannot tell. Does it include all the sums we give to charities—all the income of hospitals and universities?

Whatever it means, it does not seem to fit very well into the "profits" picture.

But perhaps the strangest thing is the inclusion of "professional earnings"—all the rewards of doctors, lawyers, authors, musicians, architects, headmasters and bishops! In statistical tables about manpower, as this column has remarked once or twice, "professional services" are found in the same category as "catering" and "laundries": and the professions are used to that. But if their earnings are now to be put in the same class as the rewards of the horrid *rentier* or money-lender, it is time something was said. And what is the worth of any argument which is founded on such queer classifications? When we have so many men compiling so many statistics this column cannot understand why the professions and their earnings should not be shown separately. Meanwhile, if you hear someone shout at your favourite street-corner "Look how much goes to 'Profits and Interest!'" you should reply: "But don't forget that that includes all the

royalties of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Priestley, and the earnings of Mr. Pritt and the Dean of Canterbury—and, indeed, all Members of Parliament”!

* * * *

Having pressed a good deal of testy advice on Chancellors of the Exchequer in its time, this column would now like to lift its little hat to Sir Stafford Cripps in salute to certain items in his first Budget. The halving of the Entertainments Tax on “living” entertainment, the taxing of (some) bookmakers, and the reduction of (some) Purchase Taxes, show that sound economic doctrine can penetrate even to the Treasury, and that even this column does not bleat on the hills in vain.

That Mr. Haddock, interviewed by this column’s special representative, said: “The Entertainment Tax is abolition-worthy, and is still of course on my abolition-list; but all concerned are thankful for this substantial mercy. What is proposed, by the way, is almost exactly what I proposed last year (June 16) as an amendment to the Finance Bill. Mr. Dalton, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, opposed it, and his followers had to vote against it. There voted: ‘Ayes to the Right, 99; Noes to the Left, 206’.

“Mr. Dalton said, among other things:

‘If I accepted this new Clause I should lose nearly £3 million a year. Quite frankly I do not feel that this is reasonable at this time.’ (*Hansard*, 16th June, 1947, Column 1639.)

“He also said, of course, as the Chancellor of the day has said for very many years: ‘I am very anxious that we should do all we can to give assistance to the British living theatre in the years ahead.’ But, like most of them, he was unable to do anything in the year in question. Sir Stafford, though the country’s economic situation is not noticeably better than it was last year, has gone ahead at once and done the ‘unreasonable’ thing. So, hail, Sir Stafford!

“One day,” continued Mr. Haddock, with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders, tearing an orchid from his herbaceous border, “perhaps he will do more. Observe the figures. Sir Stafford has done another thing that Mr. Dalton did not dare: he has put a tax on (some of) the bookmakers. From this and another new betting impost, he hopes to raise another £11,000,000 this year—£11,000,000 extra. The total yield of Entertainments Tax on that great field of creation ‘the living stage’ was, last year, only £5,550,000 (according to Mr. Dalton). And, now, presumably, it will be only £2,750,000. Why not make a

clean job and put the theatre back where it should be—alongside the book and the newspaper—free of tax?

“Ethically speaking,” continued Mr. Haddock, characteristically gulping down four or five vodkas, “the tax is iniquitous; and the costs of theatrical production have soared so high that the managers (who for so long have been paying so much of the tax) could have been justified if they had held on to the whole of the ‘remission’. But, politically speaking, I am glad that they have decided to pass some of it on to the public. They are being more than just: they are generous. ‘Prices’ will come down—not much, perhaps, but somewhat. And I like to think that the Theatre, most uncertain of human enterprises, is—enabled and encouraged by the Chancellor—giving such a good lead to the nation.” End of interview.

* * * * *

Having been led so deep into FINANCE perhaps the uncountable readers could spare another second or two for this column’s campaign against the word “Inflation”. Yes, the word. Everybody talks about Inflation. Who knows what it—or he—means? Say to any citizen, wherever you may be: “What exactly is being inflated?” Not more than one citizen in one million will give you a straight, terse answer. (Try it.) All the others will pronounce long sentences beginning “Too many goods . . .” “Consumption . . .” “Production . . .” “Supply and demand . . .” and so on. And who can wonder? The ordinary biped knows that when a tyre is “inflated” it is good—it works. When it is “deflated” it is bad—it doesn’t. He knows that an “inflated” balloon can do great things and go a long way: a “deflated” balloon does nothing and goes nowhere.

Inflation, therefore, means efficiency. So he cannot at once understand why



“Which is the hot one?”

345

Inflation in the Economico-financio-whatisito-world should be an inefficient and evil thing, especially as nobody tells him exactly WHAT is being “inflated”. This column is not going into that question now, for it wants to go to bed. But it does suggest vaguely that if instead of “Inflation” we used the word “Flatulence” the ordinary citizen would have a better understanding of what the experts call “the overall picture”. And this column, here and now, inaugurates the Drive Against National Flatulence. This, of course, may lead us, at last, into “mopping-up Flatulent Pressure” and—who knows?—to “Nation-wide De-flatulentization”. But let us not cross our bridges until we are the other side.

A. P. H.

◦ ◦

Colour-Blind

WHY is it
although I see green as pink
I never see pink

as green
but just as a blue
which I think, I think
is a semi-tone shriller
than violet ink
with a bar of cobalt between?

I thought I had hit
on a clue, a clue
when I noticed that violet
was a major third greener
than Prussian blue
which appears to be cream
but yet
when I think about cream
(which I always do)
when the weather’s extremely wet)
alizarin-red of the clearest hue
is the visual image I get.

An octave away
in the bass, the bass
when I think of alizarin-red
is a yellowish purple I can’t quite place—
though it always reminds me of
Nottingham lace—
a colour which goes along “tinketty-
tink”
like a glockenspiel in my head.

If only I could,
if I could but find
the missing, the musical link
I could see tangerine
as a celadon green
and celadon green
as pink.
Yet I have a suspicion
that life would be duller
if I ever became
truly blind to its colour.

R. C. S.

THE Grenier-Hussenot Company brings two Paris successes to the Saville and a flavour which has the charm and simplicity of good charades, with a strong dash of *Lady Precious Stream*, a distinct suggestion of Gilbert in the male choruses, several drops of Harry Tate, and now and then more than a suspicion of the lyrical lunacy of Saroyan. Sometimes the mixture is delicious, sometimes it seems, surprisingly, a little flat; but in mime, which is their chief strength, these gifted players are a delight. Their methods are as disarmingly ingenuous as those of the Chinese. Set them the problem—for which many producers would demand a revolving stage, Johnny Weissmuller and the assistance of the Metropolitan Water Board—of a ravisher making for the open sea with a maiden, pursued by the police: and a very old man in a smock totters in to pin up a few yards of wave-strewn calico; the villain and his victim appear behind it, carrying their three-ply rowing-boat at about the right level; and a courageous member of the *Sûreté* in a bowler hat swims alongside on his hands and knees and, clambering aboard, is so powerfully affected by the movement of the ocean that we discover he has swallowed a wide selection of marine specimens, among them sardines already immured in tin—excitements cynically observed by a solitary seagull on a length of stout wire.

Their first piece, *Parade*, is far the more successful, because to us it is the fresher; played before a circus caravan, which gives valid excuse for a loose series of turns, both comic and pathetic. Perhaps the best scene is that showing a street gallant failing to attract a lovely lady by the mounting bravado of his feats, to find in the end she is not unresponsive, but only blind. Here, as in both parts of the programme, the miming of M. YVES ROBERT is wonderfully expressive. So also is the singing of the BELLEC brothers, whose timing and incidental nonsense bring a breath of the old Savoy. To see and hear these talented comedians juggling with a

At the Play

Parade and *Orion le Tueur* (SAVILLE)—*Little Lambs Eat Ivy* (AMBASSADORS)—*Major Barbara* (ARTS)

delicate lyric is a double pleasure in a world where such trifles are now commonly murdered by maniac dervishes spluttering their childish exhibitionism into a microphone.

The second piece, *Orion le Tueur*, is a musical burlesque of melodrama on the maddest lines, and is not a very happy choice for a London surfeited



LE "STRONG MAN" ET SES AMIS

[Parade]

with similar satire at the expense of the Victorians. The bounding villain is M. ROBERT, and although the bitter-sweet fruit of abduction is squeezed quite entertainingly, the process of squeezing is drawn out too long. In both pieces M. JEAN-PIERRE GRENIER and M. OLIVIER HUSSENOT ably lead the revels, and Mdlles. MARIE MERGEY, MADELEINE BARBULÉE and JANETTE PICO fill in the distaff side with gaiety and an engaging spice of malice.

Theatrically there is nothing new in a distracted widow doing her uncertain best to control a wild and expensive

brood, yet Mr. NOEL Langley, in *Little Lambs Eat Ivy*, at the Ambassadors, has made of this a comedy nearly unbrokenly

funny, with a depth allowing for one hint at least of genuine pathos. If we are to be honest, which she was certainly not, I think our widow would have been in prison for financial chicanery of an amateur and elegant kind long before the play opens, but her vagueness is such that we can almost lean against it, and the calmness in adversity with which Miss JOAN

HAYTHORNE imbues her wins both our respect and our affection. Nor is the shambling figure of an anxiously expectant father in any way original, yet Mr. LIONEL MURTON acts him with so much inventive realism that he dominates the play. Mr. LANGLEY's adaptation of his own novel, "Cabbage Patch," is done with wit and skill, and Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN has welded with precision a team of real merit which includes Miss JEANNETTE TREGARTHEN, Miss MARGOT LISTER, Miss GABRIELLE WELFORD, Miss JOAN FORREST, Mr. ARNOLD BELL and Mr. DENIS GORDON. Each character in this sparkling comedy is given something worth doing and something worth saying, and each is in capable hands.

The Western Théâtre Company has been doing stalwart work taking the growing-pains of *Major Barbara* to the mineral fastnesses of Wales, and now it brings them to the

Arts. On the whole this is a sound production (Mr. PETER GLENVILLE'S), in spite of some rough patches and a tendency, at the top of the bill, to push good diction to somewhat stilted lengths—an easily forgivable fault. The most effective act is the one in the Salvation Army shelter, where the native types could scarcely be improved. The *Undershaft* parents are played by Miss VIOLET FAREBROTHER and Mr. STANLEY RATCLIFFE, *Barbara* and her professor by Miss BARBARA LOTT and Mr. VICTOR LUCAS, and of the cockneys Mr. TOKE TOWNLEY is my confident pick.

ERIC.

Grizzly Bare

THERE was nothing new in the movement to storm by force the small chamber which, charged with mystery, lay blindly in the middle of our house. We calculated there must just be space for the kind of ship's bathroom that permits a towel to be cautiously employed on the rotary principle, but our architect had begged us not to tamper with a building already only standing up through some miracle unknown to mathematics. At the same time the sinister lure of relics continued undiminished. Odds of as much as twenty to one on the skeleton of a priest in an attitude of restrained dissatisfaction were freely offered.

"We might easily come on Queen Elizabeth's night-dress," they urged. "And no coupons."

"And Drake's bowls wrapped up in Raleigh's cloak," I said.

"Her coach might have broken down."

"She'd have taken a cab rather than sleep in a joint like this."

"Well, think of all the people who've lived here since. Do you remember when we went through the deeds we found Uriah Sourcatt about 1750? A man called Uriah Sourcatt would have a lovely daughter who'd try to run away and marry a smuggler, and he'd haul her back and keep her chained up for thirty years on bread and water with a couple of mastiffs outside the door—"

"Mastiffs don't last as long as that."

"—he'd get fresh ones every now and then. And when the last weary flicker of life left the poor creature he'd seal her up with a brutal laugh in the gloomy dungeon where she'd whiled away the dreadful hours."

"I can guess what you've been reading," I said. "And I wish you wouldn't. The smuggler must have been pretty bad at his job not to rescue her in all that time."

"Uriah asked him in to cocktails and put ghastly poison in the shaker. His bones are probably there too."

"And probably those of his horse as well," I said.

"Do let's see. If there's nothing else there might be a ghost."

"If there is, the last thing I want to do is disturb him. It used to be fine having a ghost, but nowadays in a haunted house you can't go to wash your hands without tripping over teams of pie-eyed scientists taking poltergeists' temperatures."

"Might there honestly be a poltergeist?"



"Oops, darling, you should have warned them about the springs."

"In the present state of our crockery it would be absolute madness to give one the least encouragement."

"It might only be the kind that waltzes with step-ladders and chuck apples. Camberley Mi has an uncle with one like that, except once when it got batty and put his uncle's shooting-boots in the oven."

"I'm not taking any risks," I said. "I don't want to be flung out of bed and have silly messages scrawled up all over the house."

A similar impasse had often been reached before. This time a new weapon was brought into play.

"You know the car's so filthy that mustard-and-cress is growing in the mudguards?" they demanded.

"I do."

"We've just cleaned it without being asked."

A visit to the yard proved this extraordinary statement to be no figment or chimera.

"It'll make a frightful mess," I objected.

"We'll mop it up, every bit."

I got that in writing of course. Then we went up to the spare room, where stout oak panelling echoed hollowly the dark enigma of the closet. I took off my coat and began work.

"You're sure you wouldn't like my fretsaw?"

"Fretsaw!" I laughed, throwing the remains of a chisel over my shoulder.

"A charge of H.E. might make some small impression."

There are men, I know, who exert an easy magic over inanimate matter, but I am not of their number. Even if I sold my steam-yacht and put the entire proceeds into tools I should still lack the right one for the job. After ten minutes the oak was splintered, but much less so than the crumpled implements which lay thickly around me.

"Bring me the axe!" I cried. This was a decision which, sooner or later, had to be taken in all my carpentry.

"Stand back!" I ordered. Not even Tudor oak could survive the fury of that blow. Pulling aside the shattered boards I flashed my torch into the cavern. At first there was nothing to be seen but cobwebs hanging densely like the nets of a herring-fleet. No bones at all. At length I made out a small piece of dirty paper. It read:

GORN TO LUNCH. BAK SOON. POLLY THE POLLTERGICED.

I also saw, in the panelling on the other side where it backed, I supposed, on the cupboard where we keep accordions and old hats, a small round hole which had been cut, judging from the fresh sawdust, well within the last four hundred years. And then I realized that the room behind me, which had been full of hysterical giggling, was now quite empty. ERIC.



"Soak the rich, soak the rich—that's all they can think of."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Technique of Living

ON the brink of an abyss approached by fifty years of materialism, a glance back at those who strove to head us off is not undesirable. Six nineteenth-century prophets—Carlyle, Ruskin, Morris, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman—are portrayed in relation to each other, our own day and theirs as *Dreamers of Dreams* (FABER, 16/-); for the men whose dreams work are the world's leaders. Leaders are suspect nowadays; but if no pains are taken to find good ones, the bad will fill the vacuum. As Mr. HOLBROOK JACKSON points out in this brilliant and penetrating book, none of his seers is a democrat. Even Whitman, hymning "the word *En-masse*," was a "libertarian-individualist." Morris himself ended by postulating a change of heart because "the innate moral baseness" of a mechanized society could not be dealt with by Socialism. Carlyle, a best-seller in his own more cultivated day, exhibits the power of the lay preacher to take over the inspirational functions of a less dynamic clergy. Seven generations of preachers went to make Emerson. Ruskin and Morris were destined for the Church. Had Christianity retained the nineteenth-century prophets and their flocks, how different would have been the course of history! As it is, the ascetic individualist endures. Thoreau, who decided that "God does not sympathize with popular movements," "moved confidently in the direction of his dreams"—and "his dying does not seem to have hurt him at all."

H. P. E.

"The Garrick"

The Garrick Club celebrated its hundredth birthday some years ago, and its life has now been written by Mr. GUY BOAS. It owed its being to the need, somewhat equivocally

put, of a place less formidable (and difficult of access) than the austere Athenaeum, where "actors and men of education and refinement might meet on equal terms." Characters distinguished in their walks of life crop up all over the book, and some queer ones among them who provide the author with amusing anecdotes. Charles Reade, for instance, who was slow at whist, rose from the table on being told to "Fire away, old Cockeywax," but on the morrow gravely shook hands with his assailant on being assured it was not "Old Cockeywax," but "Old Cockey-lorum," which of course made all the difference. The only callings one does not find represented are poetry and science. The poet Campbell might have been a member, but was turned down owing to a weakness for smashing wine-glasses and decanters; mirrors, too, if they affronted him. Most prominent perhaps of all was the awe-inspiring personality of Irving, the "most dignified figure in any assembly, no matter how eminent." A man of grave courtesy, he could put it across when he chose. One night Richard Mansfield staggered into the club, explaining his collapse by the terrific strain of playing *Richard III*. Irving, who knew all about that part, was sympathetic. "Why do it," he asked, "if unwholesome?" A lovely word. There is a chapter on Thackeray and Dickens, and the Yates controversy, with letters, is fully and interestingly dealt with. The description of the club's pictures and other collections is possibly more for members than for those outside, except to make the latter wish they could get in and have a look round; but the book, a genial, friendly production as befits its subject, contains much of interest to a wider public. Privately printed, it bears the name of the Club, and is obtainable at Messrs. BUMPUS (10/6).

J. K.

The Unrighteous are Bolder.

Miss ETHEL MANNIN would probably have written a better *Connemara Journal* (WESTHOUSE, 10/6) if she had not made up her mind that, as a daughter of Brian Boru and an impassioned lover of blue Paul Henry mountains, she would always return to her ancestral Galway. True, she publishes her books in England; but she must still account for every word she writes about "the neighbours," and "the neighbours" are described as exceptionally touchy. Under the affectionate surface of her chronicle there obviously lurks matter for more Aristophanic handling; but with the usual ruined Ascendancy mansion in the background of the diarist's "houseen"—she pillages daffodils from its forlorn garden—there is visible admonition to watch your steps. So Miss MANNIN, plying her pen through rain without and turf-smoke within, writes better, more honestly and more enjoyably in describing the hard work that is the lot of every solitary woman in primitive places than in assessing the countryside or proving herself still in touch with literature and world affairs. One wonders why so professed a lover of the land should confine her agricultural efforts to roses and hydrangeas. But one suspects that a more practical and exemplary gesture would probably win no more than the half-pitying tribute, "Ah, yer a learned and travelled lady, but yer innercent."

H. P. E.

Do We Deserve a Theatre?

"The history of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre," says Mr. T. C. KEMP, "is the story of Barry Jackson versus Birmingham." To the shame of so important a city, this is true, and the fact that the battle for a living, intelligent playhouse was won in the teeth of apathy and Bumbledom

is due solely to the philanthropic persistence of one man of vision. It cost him more than £100,000 of his own money in the twenty-one years before he handed over financial responsibility in 1935 to a Trust, while remaining Governing Director. That a population of a million lacked the energy to keep afloat an enterprise which set out from the first to provide the best possible cross-section of the world's drama is an indictment not only of Birmingham but of our whole national attitude in the matter. There was not even the excuse that Sir Barry's policy was highbrow, for though he has put on the stiffer of the moderns he has also discovered such tonics as "The Farmer's Wife" and been generous with good comedy. In a second edition of *The Birmingham Repertory Theatre* (CORNISH BROTHERS, 15/-), which brings it up to date, Mr. KEMP tells the exciting story well. A shrewd critic, he gives a detailed commentary on the long list of productions and adds a valuable account of the Rep's policy and progress. Its human discoveries, many of whom have made and are making great names, are in themselves a powerful argument that the future of so gallant an oasis ought not to be in doubt. An annual subsidy of about £2,500 would do the trick. You would think Birmingham, which now has only two theatres and one music-hall left to balance its ninety cinemas, might safely run to such a sum.

E. O. D. K.

Short Stories

A good many of the stories in OLIVIA MANNING'S book, *Growing Up* (HEINEMANN, 9/6), give the impression of having been written during moods of ironic irritability. She presents her varied characters to us without comment, letting them speak for themselves and reveal their own little meannesses and vanity and helplessness. In fact she treats them—not as though they were the loved or hated beings of her own creation but as people she has happened on by chance and who are pretty contemptible. This detachment is noticeable particularly in the stories about the young girl and editor, the successful woman who meets the ruin of an old friend in Dublin, and the party

of ski-ers who did not help the Polish soldier. It is only when she is writing about children, whose feelings she understands so beautifully, that she allows herself to take sides and to show her distaste for a devouring mother and a couple of school-teachers. The last story, written from the view-point of a smug prison visitor, is probably the best of all even though we may guess the ending too easily. It tells of a soldier who stole a tiger from a Zoo in Jerusalem because he could not bear to see it in prison, and it has irony, pity, humour and the right sort of anger. The author shows an odd perverse kind of talent, and most of her stories need a second reading so that none of their flavour shall be lost.

B. E. B.

A Duke Let Loose

Those of us who do not mind being called escapists, on the damning evidence of our library-lists, will welcome as it should be welcomed the most rollicking—and at the same time the most graceful—of Miss GEORGETTE HEYER'S Regency novels. *The Foundling* (HEINEMANN, 10/6) relates the picaresque outbreak of a coddled but spirited young peer who, as the prompt sequence to a conventional engagement, involves himself in the compromising affairs of an undergraduate cousin. Matt, blackmailed by the so-called guardian of a dazzling blonde, appeals to the Head-of-the-House; and Adolphus Gillespie Vernon Ware, Duke of Sale, Marquis of Ormesby, etc., commonly known as Gilly, sets quixotically forth as plain Mr. Dash of Nowhere to redress the victim's wrongs. He thus becomes saddled not only with Belinda, an innocent but compromising armful, but with a runaway schoolboy as weary of leading-strings as the duke himself, but of less law-abiding proclivities. With a very pretty irony the novelist uses precisely those episodes most calculated to sunder the duke and his charming Lady Harriet to bring about a happier result; and if some of these are frankly bizarre, their actors and actresses are not. As Hardy reminded himself in his diary, "It is not improbability of incident but improbability of character that matters."

H. P. E.

The Gardens of the Morning

IN the lost kingdom where we strolled
Through scented gardens, sniffing roses,
Decaying not nor growing old
And seeing heaven before our noses,
In that sweet ever-youthful time
Calm were our steps; we cut no capers,
Nor did we ever ask the time
Nor even read the evening papers.

Long converse with the gods we held
And drank of nectar countless gallons,
Till the quaint shade of ghastly Eld
Tapped on our shoulder with his talons.
Come, friend, he said, I have your name;
Sharpen your wits, your proud heart harden;
I am the goal where all men aim,
Now is the time to quit the garden.

Walk but along this road with me,
Close up the curtains on your dwelling,
Lock up the door and lose the key,
For I have stories long in telling.

Do not look back to that small plot
Where once you dwelt with love and laughter;
This is the world that God forgot,
And there's no turning ever after.

So we plod on with vacant mind,
Flies on an endless ceiling crawling,
The small house faded far behind,
Weeds in the garden rank and sprawling.
Here on this road with bitter jests
We'll bathe at dawn in marshy runnels,
Join with the world's superfluous guests
And smoke foul pipes like fifty funnels.

On some far summit we shall pause
And see the world about us dreaming,
Waiting to greet us with applause
For all our striving and our scheming.
Come the crabbed tribes, the jealous hosts,
With flowery wreaths for our adorning,
We who are worn and travelled ghosts
From the lost gardens of the morning.

Televiwing for Beginners

THE news that the B.B.C.'s Television Service is shortly to be extended to the Midlands and sooner or later (fuel, power and the capital equipment programme permitting) to other reasonably overcrowded regions, prompts me to step in smartly with my invaluable guide to televiwing. I shall deal first with a few technical matters.

Television has arrived just in time to save man from the hideous pangs of frustration with which he has been threatened since ordinary radio-sets became near-perfect. The radio-set of to-day is virtually foolproof: there are no cat-whiskers to be coaxed into position, no naked wires to be avoided, only a minimum of knobs to twiddle and buttons to push. The female no longer looks up from her knitting to say "See if you can get something on the wireless, dear," and the male has no excuse for taking the thing to pieces once a week. A hearty thump on its flank is the most that any ordinary set needs these days to cure it of indigestion and restore its faultless reception. But television is different. Here man is still completely dominant, and woman—very sensibly denied access to the controls in most households—looks on and in with awe and admiration. If man is clever and cautious the mystery of television should last out and sustain his mastery until atomic energy is harnessed for use in happy English homes.

The controls of a television receiver are impressive and rendered even more impressive by their nomenclature. At the back of my set lie the "Pre-set Controls"—Line Linearity, Line Amplitude, Vision Sensitivity, Sound Sensitivity, Frame Linearity, Frame Amplitude and something called Frame Sync. Control—altogether a very fair ration for any man. But these are the emergency controls to be twiddled only in cases of acute boredom and melancholia. The four ordinary or Auxiliary Controls located at the front of the receiver are for everyday use or what is called "audience participation." They are Contrast, Focus, Frame Hold and Line Hold, names which in my view carry simplification to dangerous limits.

Let us suppose that you have wheedled a perfect picture on to your screen and thus face a period of enforced inactivity. What can be done? Well, you can either sit still until Brewster decides to put his car into the garage for the night, or until an aeroplane weaves into your reception area, or you can steal out of the room

and switch on the vacuum-cleaner. The car, plane or vacuum-cleaner will cause enough "interference" on your screen to send you back to the controls on an apparently legitimate tour of inspection and adjustment. One flick at the focus control and the picture is once again in need of complete over-haul. This manœuvre can be repeated indefinitely.

Now let us imagine that you have company. Your guests are grouped about the receiver, reception is good, the programme excellent and interference slight. In such circumstances you cannot hope for an ideal evening's entertainment, but you can exhibit an extremely telling mastery of the medium with a few well-chosen remarks. For example:

(1) When the picture is marred by a sudden but momentary storm of black-and-white paper-clips, you announce "That will be Mr. Corbishley taking the bottles back."

(2) When the picture becomes streaked with horizontal flashes of baby-ribbon you say "Ah, there goes the 9.15 'Tudor Ensign' for Prestwick."

(3) When the screen becomes unsteady and slightly blurred you intervene with "Nothing to worry about—only Mr. Corbishley returning with to-morrow night's empties."

You see?

Leaving technicalities on one side, let us now consider the social *impact* of television, the televiwer's rôle in society. I must warn you that the televiwer is somewhat unpopular among sportsmen . . .

"Oh, I don't agree," you say. "He beat his man, took the ball right up to the line and centred perfectly. Quite fair."

"How could you possibly see that? From what you said just now you were standing behind the Fulham goal: now you're at the Blackpool end."

"The television cameras were at both ends."

"Oh, television!"

The group turns its back upon you, curling its lips (yes, and its eyebrows) into a supercilious sneer. The British, you see, are a nation of sportsmen, even though they no longer *play* games and prefer to watch them. But watching in a dripping raincoat and sodden shoes from a densely-packed enclosure after an interminable and unbearably cramped journey by bus or train is an entirely different thing from watching

at home from an arm-chair. What kind of sportsmen are these televiwers who risk neither pneumonia nor death by stampede, and who are safe from the depredations of pickpockets? What sportsmen are these?

So don't say too much about outside broadcasts. Wallow secretly in your decadence, and let the real sportsmen rejoice in their superiority and beastly colds.

* * * * *

I shall be glad when television's pipe-line to the Midlands is complete. It should then be possible to find a fan with a fanaticism matching my own, someone to compare interferences with, someone as unlike the landlord of the Seven Stars as possible . . .

I waited until the bar was empty before I questioned him.

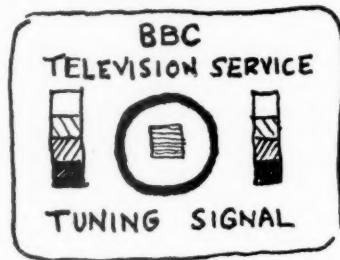
"I see you've got a television aerial, Mr. Graddidge," I said. "How d'you like television—pretty good, eh?"

"Fair."

"Yes, but *some* things . . . I mean . . ."

"Best thing on television, if you asks me, is that programme they 'ave . . . 'ere I'll show you."

He took a pencil from behind his ear and this is what he sketched on the back of a sopping beer-mat:



HOD.

Impasse

AS in previous years, I felt a faint chill as I paused outside the pier gates—a chill due less to the keen breeze from the sea than to the notices snarling at me from the gate-house: "No dogs," "No Readmission," "No Reduction for Children," "No Money Refunded." As in previous years I took new heart from the larger, gold-lettered assurance, "Our Intent is All for Your Delight." I approached the turnstile and pushed the low, collapsible perambulator underneath it, the passenger ducking obediently.

The man in the wooden office regarded me coldly. It was a cold

day; he wore a rusty, old-fashioned overcoat with his white-topped yachting-cap. "Two, please," I said, giving him the right change and a spring smile to go with it. He pressed his secret lever officially, but before I had inhaled half a lungful of the distant ozone he leant outwards and downwards and uttered an angry cry.

I stopped. Had a dog come in with me? Was I—?

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Can't 'ave it!" he said.

"Can't have what?"

He put his tongue under his upper lip and pushed out the spiked grey moustache fiercely. I thought at first that he was indulging in some mild beginning-of-season pleasantries until I saw that the downward-jabbing finger was trembling.

"A-shovin' her through 'ere!"

"But I always do," I said. "Last year—"

He looked up towards the Union Jack flapping busily on its staff, put his tongue inside his lower lip this time and removed it with a sharp click of impatience.

"Last year wasn't this year, was it?"

I chose to regard the question as rhetorical, but he chose otherwise.

"Well, was it?" he demanded.

"Look here," I said, "I haven't done anything."

"Not done nothing?" he exclaimed, affecting amazement. "Pushed the little girl through the pedestrian stile and not done nothing?"

"Little boy," I corrected. "And I still say I haven't done anything. I've paid for two and I—"

"And you're on the Company's property, and liable to the Company's reggulations. And pushing her through the pedestrian stile's agin the reggulations. And I'll tell you another thing."

"Thank you."

He jerked his thumb towards the other side of the stile, where a youth with long hair was standing looking along the pier undecidedly.

"You're obstructin' the public. Outside, if you please, and in again at the pram gate, that's what."

"Listen to me," I said, backing a little so that he should miss nothing—"Last year—"

"Last year wasn't—"

"I know that. Last year I must have brought the perambulator on this pier about fifteen times. I never used the pram gate. I didn't know there was one. When I found I could manage without unstrapping the little boy from the perambulator and man-handling the pair of them I simply pushed them through."

"And you can simply push them back," said the man nastily, "or I'll get somebody to manhandle *you*." He looked intently at the long-haired youth, who suddenly seemed to decide in favour of some attraction on the other side of the road and walked away. "Perhaps," said the man, executing a five-finger exercise on his metal strip of counter—"perhaps you'd like me to call the piermaster?"

"Very much," I said. I think this surprised him. He turned a dark colour under his white stubble and banged the counter with his fist, sending a small stack of pennies rolling. Then he took the counter by its edge and seemed to be trying to tear it out bodily. He chewed the inside of one cheek for a moment and then declared explosively: "I'm sixty-seven!"

"I wouldn't have believed it," I said politely.

"I'm telling you." A white speck appeared at his mouth-corner. "There's a season's work in front of me, and I'm not getting the tin-tack for you or anybody else." He shot out a peremptory finger towards the road. "Out!"

"Can I have my money back?"

"No Money Refunded," he said. "You can come in again—through the pram gate."

"What if I don't want to come in again?"

"Stay out."

"But then I've paid for nothing."

"That's your lookout, not be'aving proper."

"My behaviour," I said stiffly, "will stand up under the closest scrutiny, here and elsewhere. That apart, it's absurd to go out now I'm already in."

"You're a young chap," said the man, taking off his hat and putting it on again with a slap. "Lose your job, go out and get another. All very fine. Who wants me, sixty-seven years of age?" He banged a bag of coppers and burst it. "I've got my orders. Prams through the pram gate; pedestrians through the pedestrian gate."

"Let's be reasonable," I said. "No damage has been done. I—"

"No damage?" His voice cracked. "Fine thing, go home tell the wife I'm fired and you say no damage." His fingers scrabbled among the coppers. "All right," he said menacingly. "All



right." He pushed his head out of the semi-circular opening, looking like a nautical tortoise, and screamed "Charlie!"

At first nothing happened. A gull swooped, crying harshly, and from the far end of the pier I could hear intermittent thumpings from the feet of the handful of customers who had satisfied the requirements of the Company's regulations. Then a voice was borne to us faintly on the wind. "Now what?" it said, and I saw that a man in near-naval uniform who had been leaning over the rail some distance away was turning slowly towards us. He jerked his head backwards to indicate that he was willing to receive further information. The man at the turnstile was fixing me with a beady glare, and did not deflect it when he called loudly: "Ere a minute!"

The man called Charlie came slowly over.

"Refuses to act proper with the

pram," said the man. "A-trying to get me the tin-tack me first week."

"Nothing of the kind," I said to Charlie. "I always push it under the turnstile."

"There's a gate," said Charlie, firmly but without spleen. "What I'm here for, open the pram gate. Why not go out again, come in again the pram gate?"

"But what does it matter, now I'm in?"

"Talk, talk," said the old man, and threw some silver on the floor. "Where's the master?" he demanded.

"Gone orf," said Charlie.

"Gone orf!" cried the man, dancing. "Makes the orders and then goes orf. Well, I'm not going to get the—" He broke off and gave a long hiss. Then, reaching a decision, said loudly, "Charlie, call a cop."

"Come, come," said Charlie.

"Call a cop."

Charlie sighed, shrugged, sauntered

in the direction of the pram gate. Then he stopped and looked at the cause of all the trouble. He came back a pace or two.

"It's a folder, ain't it?" he asked.

"A what?"

He came and kicked the perambulator gently. "The pram. Folds up, don't it?"

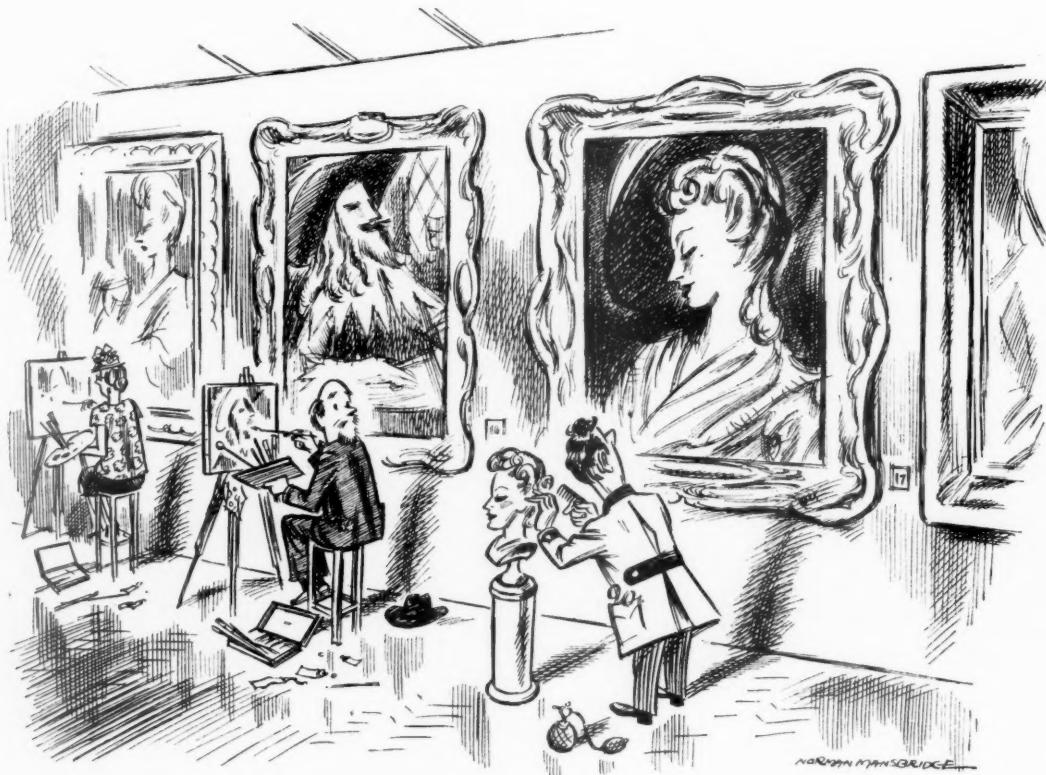
"It does," I said, "but—"

"Pass, friend," said Charlie, making me free of the pier with a spacious gesture. "It's all right, folding ones."

I gave them a small bow to share between them. As I moved off towards the crystal enticements of the Ocean Sun Lounge Charlie was saying: "You want to make yourself conversant with the regulations."

"Reggerlations!" cried the old man shrilly. I strained my ears for more, but I think he must have choked on the word. All I heard was the clash and rattle of coins, punctuated by the drumming of sixty-seven-year-old fists.

J. B. B.



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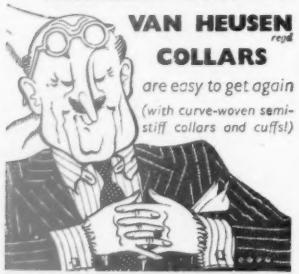
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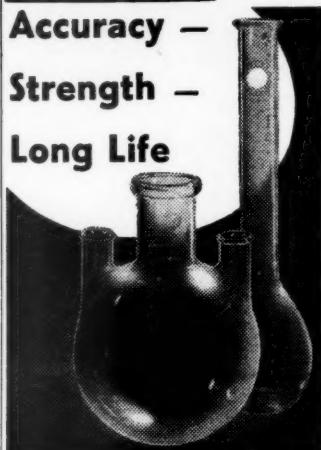
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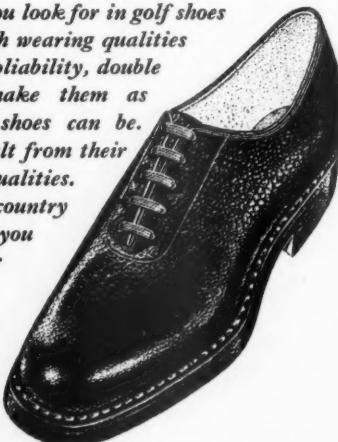
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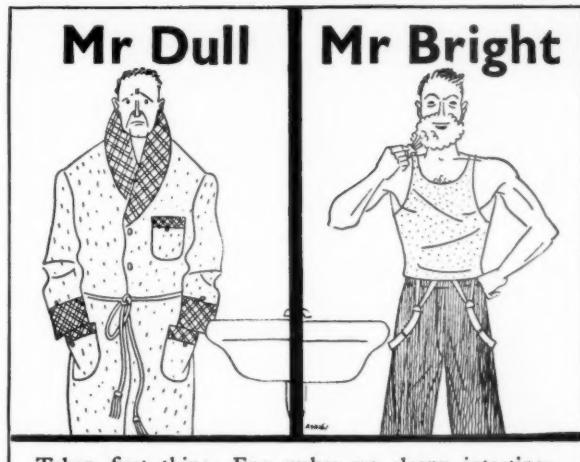
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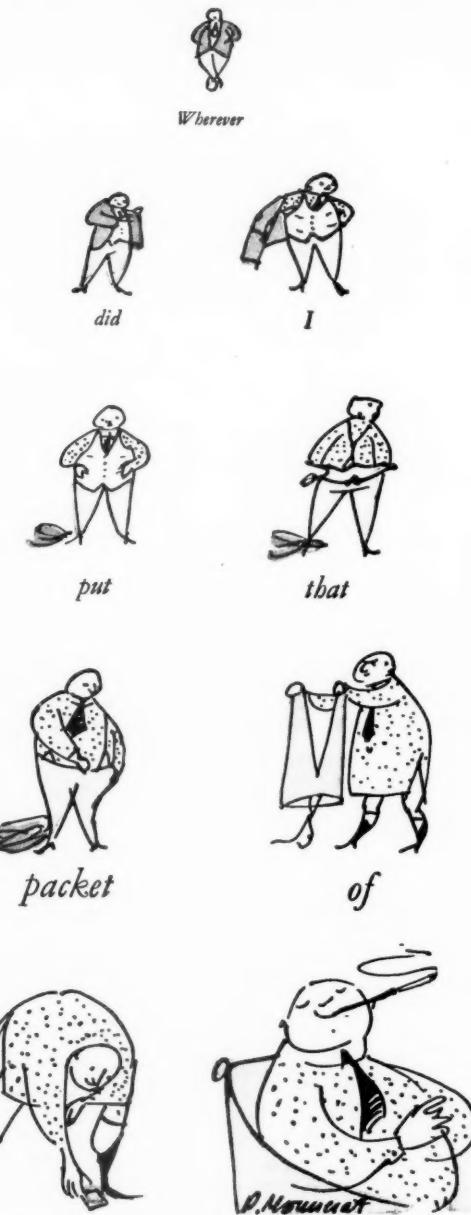
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